

The K. H. C. Log

Compton, Que., March, 1925

EDITORIAL

Spring has come at last, after two or three false alarms; in fact, it has been on its way ever since the middle of February. Of course, everyone expected sugaring as soon as the good ski-ing ended. But not until March 9th did we finally make our first trip to the sugar camps, after a great dash around for rubber-boots. Oh! did you say Wellingtons?

Wellingtons or was it rubber-boots, mention of which articles bring to my mind a certain Saturday morning parade that was held in the gymn. Each girl carried her above discussed articles, and in turn as Miss Joll called the roll marched up with same to Miss Joll, who examined the names closely and called the next girl up. The list completed, unbelievable as it may seem, but the truth is the truth; all but two or three produced a perfect pair. (For the sake of the curious the two or three exceptions had overshoes.)

Oh! The earthquake, certainly some mention must be made of this. Saturday night after dancing, when everyone had retired to their rooms; suddenly the walls began to hop about and the furniture to dance. Is it an earthquake? How dare you step on my toe? Oh! Oh! What is happening? Who banged her head? Were a few of the questions thrown about. The affirmative to the first question was finally decided upon; which, as we all know, proved to be right.

We wish to thank the Old Girls for the interest they have so kindly taken in our new school paper, "The K.H.C. Log," and hope they will enjoy many editions. If the Old Girls hear or know anything of a literary, or social nature, etc., that would be interesting to King's Hall Girls, will they send the news in and we will gladly publish it.

Great excitement! only a few days until Easter and the holidays. Exams. are nearly over. Soon we will be leaving good Old K.H.C. once more for home, to return again in a week or two ready for the last lap of the year.

Happy Easter, readers from the Committee of the K.H.C. Log.

N.B.—A word to the wise; if it is sloppy underfoot, don't forget those We—We—We—? R-r-r—Boots.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Alida Starr, one of our Old Girls, is visiting us for the last two weeks of this term.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Young (nee Katherine Leonard), of Quebec, a son.

Marriages

The marriage took place in Kingston, Ontario, of Kitty Torrence, to Mr. Merrill Des Brisay, of Toronto.

Among the visitors who have been here lately are:—Mrs. R. Meredith of Quebec and Mr. Black of Montreal, on the week-end of the 20th of February. Mrs. Maynard of Montreal, Mr. Hanson of Toronto, on the 21st, and Mrs. Henderson of Hamilton also Mrs. Winters of Montreal. Very enjoyable parties were held at Mapelhurst.

SPORTS

We have just finished a very exciting series of Interform Basket-Ball matches, and the Arts form have the honour of having won the Kathleen Turner Shield for 1925. The enthusiasm of the onlookers lent great excitement to the games. This year every form had its own colours, and the gymnasium was a kaleidoscope of brilliant hues and a menagerie of mascots.

VA—VB, 30—17	Arts—VB, 46—14
VI—Matrics, 32—17	VI—VB, 42—22
Arts—Matrics, 31—14	Arts—VA, 40—6
VI—VA, 22—12	Matrics—VB, 15—10
Matrics—VA, 18—16	Arts—VI, 52—41

The Arts vs. VI was the deciding game and excitement was at its highest pitch throughout this match, as it was very swift and dangerously even.

We are now anticipating further matches between the Upper and Lower Corridors, and Ontario and Quebec. We have already had several practice matches against the staff and we believe they will have a very good team this year.

THE SUNSET

When the long day is drawing to a close,
And each tired body homeward goes,
The sun in all his majestic array,
Goes to sleep until another day.
He casts a light as he goes,
Just like the glow of a full blown rose,
Only brighter, more wonderful far by,
As it fades away in the blue, blue sky.

“Felix.”

THE RUBBER BOOTS THAT WALKED

“Where are my rubber-boots”?
I thought I heard that cry,
Someone cannot find their boots,
Strange—I wonder why?
I’m sure I left them in my hole,
Why! where else would they be?
But I’ll go and look in the “confis”
If you’ll kindly hand me the key.
Not in there! Now isn’t that strange?
I’ll go to the cloak-room again,
Why! Here they are in my boot-hole once more,
Now doesn’t that strike you insane?

“Gum-drop.”

SUGARING

One o’clock! Mail! Mail! Then a rush for the cloak-room.
“Who has my rubber-boots?” “That’s my tuque.” “Somebody has swiped my sweater.” “Has anyone seen my breeks?” Chatter, chatter, chatter, a scuffle and a scrimmage as the dust flies thick and fast. Order is restored by degrees, and every one is finally ready when the joyful sound of the dinner bell rings through the house, loud and clear.

Dinner is hastily eaten by big and small. Then Miss Joll tinkles the little blue-bell and says “Those who have finished may go”; a wild dash is made for the door. Once more a voice rings out, “Girls, girls! come back, you must not rush and push like that. Now, the girls on this side of the room may go first.” On the other side of the rooms the faces fall; and a hurried whisper goes round, “Get me a couple of tins, etc.”

“The charge of the Light-Brigade” was famous; but cannot possibly compare with the wild charge of the rubber-boot brigade as it rushes on to the firing lines of the sugaring, over many fields, and across the stile, falling over one another in the grand dash to lead. On and on without stoppage or pause till, Oh joy! the victory is won. Who is first this time, Louise or Betty C.?

Thrills we got the roof. “Grab this while I get up, Grace.” “How many tins did you get for me, Prue?” At last we are settled either devouring the delicious la tire or beating it to make it white and creamy. Talk, buzz, chatter for the rest of the afternoon.

As we sit and eat in utter enjoyment, the spring sun sheds her smiling rays upon us; while the hot steam from the boiling sap mingles with the pleasant breezes. The woods ring with the laughter of youth, and the sap is collected for another day’s feast.

At the last minute we all troop back to prep., our hearts full of the joy of the great out-doors, and the country, and school which is so dear to us, ever eager for the next sugaring day.

“Peter Pan.”

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

A Southern darky went before a minister to be examined for the ministry.

This followed:—

“Can you read?”

“No, Suh.”

“Can you write?”

“No, Suh.”

“Well you know about the bible?”

“Yes, suh, I know my bible well from lid to lid.”

“What part of the bible do you like best?”

“The New Testament, Suh.”

“Which book?”

“De book of Parables, Suh.”

“Which parable do you like best?”

“Why, Lawdy, I lak de parable of de good Samaritan best of dem all.”

“Well, tell us about the parable.”

“Yes, Suh.”

Once upon a time a man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho an' he fell among thieves, and the thorns grow up and choked dat man, an' he went on and he didn't have no money an' he went out an' met the Queen of Sheba an' she gave him, yes suh, she gave dat man a thousand talents of gold an' a hundred changes of rainment. An' he got in the chariot, and drove furiously an' when he was driving along under a big tree his hair got caught and left him hanging there. Yes suh, an' his wife came along an' cut off his hair and he dropped an' fell on stony ground an' it began to rain an' it rained forty days and forty nights an' he hid in a cave, an' he went on and met a man 'Come in and take supper wid me?' but he said "No, I won't," "I married a wife an' can't come" and that man went out in the highways and byways and compelled him to come in and have supper.

He went on to Jerusalem an' when he got there he seen Jesabel sitting high up in the window an' she laughed at him and he said "Throw her down seventy times seven, and the fragments they picked up twelve basketfuls, now whose wife do you think she will be at the judgment day?"

—“Punch and Judy.”

IN AUTUMN

In Autumn all the leaves turn brown.

And the trees have a lovely gown

Of red, green and yellow.

But that blustering old fellow,

Of a North wind goes

And blows off the leaves, how, nobody knows.

“Bimbo.”

King's Hall, Compton, what does it mean ?
It is our school where we all have been,
Naughty and good and happy and gay,
Giving the best to our work and our play
Sunshine and happiness follow each day.
Holidays come and we all are parted
And then on the next term we quickly are started
Living each moment in laughter and fun,
Loving and working. When all's said and done
This is the best school under the sun.

—
“The Ugly Duckling.”

What's the difference between a boy that goes upstairs, and a boy that looks upstairs ?

One steps upstairs, and the other one stares up steps.

—
There were once two girls going along the corridor. They both bumped into each other. One said “Why don't you look where you are going” ? and the other one said “Why don't you go where you are looking” ?

—
One man bet another man that he couldn't make up a piece of poetry with the word “Ransom” in it, and this is the piece the other made up.

“There was an old cat in Ohio,
Who sat on a sewing machine.
The sewing machine went so terribly slow,
That it put two stitches in the tom-cat's toe
And he ran some.

—
“BROKE, BROKE, BROKE.”

(With apologies to Lord Tennyson)

I'm broke, broke, broke,
As a school girl well might be,
And I would that an uncle would send me
A \$10, or a \$5, or a \$3!

Ah well, for the grocer's boy,
Who may be sure of his pay,
Ah well, for the newspaper boy,
Who earns his pennies each day.

The stately ships go on,
To their haven under the hill.
But oh for the sound of some clinking coin,
Or the feel of a crackling bill!

“Tiddledey-Winks.”

Mistress (to girl who was turning around and talking)—“Can’t you pay a little attention?”

Girl—“Yes. I’m paying as little as I can.”

Miss C.—(In the studio)—“Girls you are making too much noise.”

E. Turner—“Shut the door somebody.”

Miss C.—“No, be quiet.”

Miss M.—(In Latin Class)—“D——will you translate “Caesar adsum jam forte’.”

D——“Caesar had some jam for tea.”

Miss D.—(At choir practice)—“Now I am going to divide you off for our new anthem “Sweet and Low.”

E. Innes—“Oh! You sing Sweet, and I’ll sing Low.”

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BEYOND THE BLUE

I look into the sky,
That space of azure hue,
I wonder what great power is there
Beyond the Blue.

I have my earthly fears,
And yet I know it’s true,
That He is there and will be there,
Beyond the Blue.

He turns the wheels of life,
His hand is sure and true
He watches o’er us from afar,
Beyond the Blue.

Can this great God be old,
Who sends each year anew,
The sunshine, rain and snow from far
Beyond the Blue.

He’s life, and Love and Youth,
And boundless ardour too,
But someday He will call us there,
Beyond the Blue.

But death cannot bring fear;
We bid this world adieu,
And find a happy resting place,
Beyond the Blue.

“The Dreamer.”